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Easter 1925

Lily Legend of Easter

BY MARJORIE COOK

Down a carpet of gold and vermillion and
blue,
In a dim, gray church, near the coming
of night,
Walked a thousand folk, with presents
due
To their Lord Jesus; candles burned
bright
And choir-boys sang; 'twas the day of the
year
For the folk of the land to humbly place
On the altar a gift most rare and dear,
With a prayer of thanks for God's good
grace.

Nobles, gorgeously-clothed and bold,
Spurred at the heel, clanked up the
aisle;
Their gifts were gems and ruddy gold,
Offered to God with a proud, cold smile.
Each lord had hoped to bring the best,
Each strained to see what his fellows
had given,
While the oaken altar, jewel-drest,
Gleamed like the storied streets of
Heaven.

Slowly these folk had passed along,
Save for a breathless, straggling few;
The dim church waited the benison,
When a child, sweet as a drop of dew,
With upturned hands and upturned face
Offered himself at the altar bright.
A sudden hush!—and in that place,
Sprang up a lily, tall and white.



A WONDERFUL EASTER

By DOROTHY E. BUSHNELL

IN a dark cellar of one of the most crowded districts of a great city lived a boy named Jacques with his widowed mother. Now Jacques was nearly ten years old, but he had never taken a step upon the ground by himself. You see, he had been a cripple from babyhood, with his legs entirely useless, making it impossible for him to work or play or, in fact, do anything that other boys of his age do. Sometimes his mother would hold him, and let him touch the floor with his toes in order that he might try to put one foot before the other—but each trial was a failure, for his thin, frail limbs would not bear even *his* slight weight, which at the most, was not more than forty-five pounds.

Every morning his patient, hard-working mother would put on his one suit of clothes, so patched and darned that there was hardly any of the original cloth left, and carry him to a shabby rocking-chair in front of the only window in their poor, one-roomed cellar home. Here he would sit, with his eyes fixed on the window, so as not to miss anything that might happen in the busy street overhead. But the window was not much like our windows—large and clean and open! Oh, no!—it was only a tiny square, cut in the side of the stone foundation, with a piece of broken glass in it.

About noon, every pleasant day, Jacques could catch a glimpse of the sun as it passed slowly over the district where he lived, but most of the time it was as dark as it is about four o'clock on a winter's afternoon in the country. This was because the buildings around the one in which he lived were so high and so close together and his home was in such a low basement that most of the sun's warm light was shut out. How he would smile with delight whenever he saw it!

It made his day so much happier, just to see it. Somehow he felt that the sun was smiling at him, that it was perhaps trying to say to him, "Some day—some day—you will be like other children." Then it would be gone, and Jacques would sink back in his chair and give a little sigh, wishing that he might see it for just a little longer. Then he would think of his mother—of how hard she had to work—of how much harder she had to work because he could do nothing to help her.

Once he had said to her, as she stood beside his bed, "O Mother, how I wish I were not such a burden to you!"

But she, in a strange choky voice, had put her arms tightly around him, as if she were in great fear of losing him, as she answered, "Oh, my little son, my little Jacques! You musn't talk that way! Why, you are all I have to keep my heart alive!" So he had said no more about being a burden, though he thought a great

deal. He dreamed and dreamed of the time when the sun's promise would come true, of that wonderful day when he, like other boys, would be able to work for her.

Now it happened, one day, just after the sun had smiled upon him, and just after his mother had gone out to buy a loaf of bread and some milk (which was all they had to eat, some days), that a knock came at the door. This, you must know, was a very unusual event, indeed, for no one ever came to their door except Jacques' little friend, Mario, who always entered without knocking, and the landlady who always gave a very loud knock. This was a gentle rap, and so Jacques knew that a stranger stood outside. His mother had always cautioned him to keep very still if ever any one should come in her absence, for in that great city she feared for his safety. So, even though the soft knock came again—and again—and again—he sat quite still, pretending that no one was at home.

Then, of a sudden, a sweet, soft voice that Jacques had never heard before, called to him. "O Jacques, may I come in? I've brought you some sunshine! Please let me come in!"

This was too much for Jacques, for his

lonely boy's heart longed for even this small adventure, and before he could stop himself he had answered, "Yes! yes! do come!"

Then he waited while the latch on the door lifted and the door itself opened little by little—till there in the room stood a person so beautiful, Jacques thought at once she must be a princess, for in the only book he had ever had to read was a picture of a princess who was very beautiful, too. She did not speak at first, she just smiled, and her smile was like the sun's, warm and tender, while in her hands she held some delicate pink flowers, that filled the room with fragrance. A queer feeling came into Jacques' throat as he looked at her, making it hard for him to swallow, and without in the least knowing why, his eyes filled with tears, not the kind that fall, but the kind that just stay where they come, making eyes into bright, but blurry, mirrors.

When this strange thing happened to his eyes, the beautiful person, ran quickly to Jacques' side, put her soft cheek against his, the flowers in his frail hands, and held him very closely, without saying a word. Jacques didn't say a word either—he couldn't—for the choky feeling had not gone and he was afraid that if he said even one, those tears in his eyes would turn into drops and roll down his cheeks.

Bobby Bear's Rhyme Corner

Lady in Green

By JENNIE ORR LEUI

Have you seen her, I wonder, the lady in green?—

She comes from the Southland, 'tis plain to be seen;

She is clad, day by day, in such charming new dresses,

And lovely sweet flowers she wears in her tresses.

Cherry-red are her lips, and deep blue are her eyes;

Such whimsical moods—first she smiles, then she cries!

But a bonny sweet lassie, they say, just the same,

"Pleased to meet you, Miss April—I think that's your name."

Easter Brings a Growing Sound

By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP

A happy Easter, little friends!

Wherever you may chance to be

You'll hear dear April laugh and call

To earth and sky and sleeping tree,

That Spring is here—they must awake—

For Easter brings a growing sound.

Each one should have a happy heart,

When flowers peep above the ground.

Daffy-Down-Dilly

By MABEL GIBSON

Up from the mould

So clinging and chilly,

In a mantle of green

Comes Daffy-Down-Dilly:

In a mantle of green

Which she hastes to unfold

Till she stands like a queen

In a garment of gold.

She doesn't wait

For the mild, settled weather,

She knows that the robins

And bluebirds together

And the song-sparrows sweet

Are beginning to sing,

"And besides," says dear Daffy,

"I'm part of the spring.

"And if I should linger

Too long and be late,

The hyacinth too

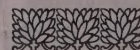
Might think she could wait.

I must be in my place

Although it is chilly,

For the children expect me,"

Says Daffy-Down-Dilly.



Then he would be crying and he had always known, instinctively that it was not manly to cry.

Thus his mother found them when she returned. At first she could only stand and stare, in astonishment, but almost immediately the beautiful person, who was also gentle and kind and sweet, stood up and went over to her. For a long time it seemed to Jacques they stood in a corner of the room and talked, in tones just low enough, so that he could not hear a word of all that they said. Then, however, the stranger came to him again, saying very gently, "I shall come again soon, Jacques! Watch for me from your window. Good-bye!" After which she went out and Jacques listened while her footsteps died away.

"O mother," he cried when he could distinguish them no longer, "who was she?"

His mother came over to him and gathered him into her arms. "Son," she said, "little son—I think—I think—if you and I—can be very brave—you may soon—"

"Mother! Mother!" cried Jacques, "you mean—I may—I may get well? I may really be like other boys? O mother, is that what SHE said?"

Then his mother told him that the beautiful person, who was a nurse, had seen Mario in school, and dear little Mario had asked her if she could not help his friend Jacques. So she had found her way to their home and would come again very soon, with a great strong doctor and an automobile, to take Jacques to one of the large city hospitals where they would try to make him well and strong. She told him, too, that this could be done, because some kind people had given money for cases just like his. "Only, Jacques," she said, "you and I will have to be more patient and braver than we've ever, ever been!"

"O mother," whispered Jacques, "do you think I could begin to walk on Easter Day? I've always wanted to stretch and grow, as the flowers do at Easter time! Do you think they could cure me by then?"

"We must be patient, son," was all his mother said.

And they were. Jacques lay in his little white bed at the hospital while his friend, the sun, climbed slowly up into the sky, bringing nearer and nearer the hour when he was to try to stand by himself, for one brief half minute. Then they would all know whether or not the difficult operation had been a success.

The beautiful person came first, bringing him something in a glass, to make him a little stronger, she said, and a fragrant, white Easter lily—for this was Easter Day.

"Happy Easter, Jacques!" she said.

Then came the doctor who always said funny things to make him laugh. This morning he tried to, but somehow Jacques could only smile, a little half-afraid kind of a smile, and the big doctor just squeezed



EASTER BUNNIES

When Little Boy Wind pipes high and pipes low,
There's a scurry and rustling to and fro;
The little brown hares are coming this way
To dance to his piping on Easter day.

The Easter Party

By Gertrude Winham Fielder

IT was Saturday afternoon, the Saturday afternoon before Easter Sunday, and Grace and Lois had gone to an Easter-egg-rolling frolic.

Dolly, the very "littlest" sister, and Nancy, the next-to-the-biggest sister, were housed with the mumps, consequently there were two disappointed little girls left behind in the gray bungalow.

"It's bad enough to have mumps without having 'em right at Easter," moaned Nancy.

"I never went to an egg roll in all my whole life," said Dolly, watching Grace and Lois until they were out of sight.

"Let me see," cried big brother Bob from the doorway, "how many fingers shall I need to count the years of your 'whole life,' Dollykins, three, or four?"

"Why, Bob!" cried Dolly, "I'm six whole years old."

"Are you sure?" teased big brother Bob.

"I just guess I know how many pink candles I had on my cake," said Dolly.

"And how many were there?" asked big brother Bob, his eyes twinkling.

"Six!" cried Dolly triumphantly.

"Then that settles that," said brother Bob. "Who wants to hear a story about a Princess and a wonderful egg?"

"I do!" cried Dolly.

"I do!" cried Nancy.

"Another question settled. Well, here is the story: Once upon a time there lived a

German princess who had for a lover a prince who, on a certain Easter, sent her a present of a huge iron egg. The princess, enraged at what she took for a practical joke, raised the egg in her hands and dashed it to the floor. The force of the blow caused it to fly open, when, lo! it was all lined with crystal, in which lay a yolk of shining gold. She seized the golden ball, and, to her surprise, that opened too, and revealed a crown of rubies; this in turn opened, and displayed a betrothal ring of costly diamonds. This egg, we are told, is now to be seen in the museum of Berlin."

"Oh!" exclaimed two very round-eyed little girls, "tell us some more, Bob."

Big brother Bob looked at his watch. "Five minutes left for me to reach the ball field. No time for another story now, gurlies. And now I'm off."

It was Nancy, who after watching Bob disappear down the street said, "Dolly, let's ask mother if we may color eggs with our new paints."

"Let's!" cried Dolly. "One for everybody in this house."

"Of course you may," said mother when Nancy and Dolly made known their request, and soon two happy little girls were busily engaged in decorating eggs. Indeed, so busy were they that they never noticed when mother disappeared into the

dining-room, shutting the door quietly behind her.

Imagine their surprise, as the cuckoo-clock chimed the hour of four, to have mother call gayly, "Nancy! Dolly! You are invited to an Easter party."

"Where?" asked Nancy.

"When?" asked Dolly.

"Right here and now," laughed mother from the doorway.

Nancy and Dolly needed no second invitation. Together, they flew to the dining-room."

"Why, mother!" cried both girls at once.

"Big brother Bob's party for his two little sisters," said mother, nodding brightly.

"Oh, Oh, Oh!" cried Nancy and Dolly, running round and round the table.

"Just look at the cunning baskets, Nancy!" exclaimed Dolly. "Why—ee, they are full of the weeniest eggs you ever saw."

"Just look at the darling little chickens, Dolly," exclaimed Nancy, picking up a fluffy, yellow chick. Oh, look, Dolly, look! its head unscrews and it's filled with tiny speckled eggs."

"Mine too," cried Dolly. "And O Nancy, see the pretty little green paper nests."

"There are blue eggs, and green eggs, and red eggs in the nests," announced Nancy, after a peep in both. "Dolly, did you see the little scalloped cakes with a teeny egg in each scallop?"

But Dolly's eyes were all for mother who was entering the room at that moment carrying a dish in each hand.

"Nancy! Nancy!" cried Dolly. "Look what mother has got. The darlingest little white rabbits."

"It's ice-cream," declared Nancy.

"Yes, it is ice-cream," smiled mother, "but you should call them hares, Dolly, and not rabbits. In Europe the Easter hare is almost as important a figure in nursery lore as is Saint Nicholas. Children are taught to suppose that if they are good and mind their parents and are truthful and kind to one another, a white hare will steal into the house or the grounds on Easter Eve, when everybody is asleep, and hide any number of beautifully colored eggs in odd corners for good little children."

"Does the hare come?" cried Dolly.

"They seem always to find colored eggs," answered mother. The girls noticed that her eyes twinkled.

"I know," said Nancy, sagely; "some one puts them there for children. It's just a pretend hare."

"And a pretty play it is," said mother; "and so all over the world children have pictures or figures of hares and colored eggs on Easter day."

"In Mr. White's candy store, last week," said Nancy, "Dolly and I saw a bunny-rabbit, I mean a hare, wheeling a tiny wheel-

(Continued on page 170)

Finding Phrona's Folks

By Edna S. Knapp

PART IV

AT the top of the rise they looked back and the lady was still in the car. They waved their hands but got no response.

"Of all queer folks!" exclaimed Phrona.

"Do you think she's crazy? I wanted to take care of her and she wouldn't let me." Tears were in the girl's eyes. She always wanted to take care of everybody.

"She drove as if she was," said Paul.

"And I never saw anybody so jumpy and fluttery. Well, we'll send the garage folks as quick as ever we can. I'd like to go back and see the thing through, if she didn't act so funny."

"As if she didn't want us 'round," added Phrona sadly.

At the store they found a man in gray who was making inquiries about a small red car driven by a lady in black. He had on a chauffeur's cap and acted worried.

"Your car's out in the cellar of the Bobby Bent place on the East Northam road. The lady was sitting in it when we left there a few minutes ago," Paul told the man.

"Hurt?" asked the man.

"No, and I don't believe the car's hurt either but it'll have to be lifted out," replied the boy.

"How do I get there?" the man asked Paul. He told him and the man started off on foot. Bingo sniffed curiously, then

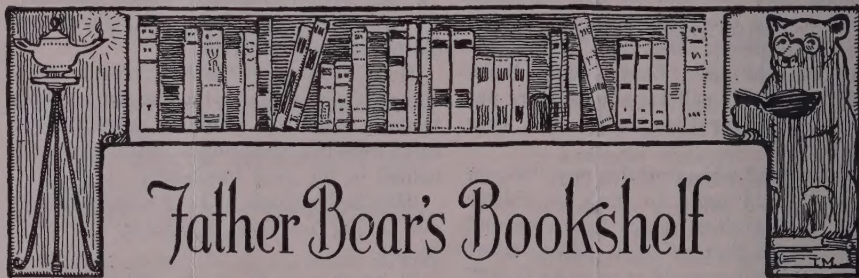
decided another adventure might be in store and went with him, while Caesar took Paul and Phrona home. The rest of the story they heard afterward. The lady in black had fussed over the delay and the man had seemed grimly amused. When the red car had been rescued and found to be able to run, the lady had come in it as far as the Northam station, where she had taken the five-fifteen into Boston. She had paid the garage man and seemed to have plenty of money. She had told the man to "take that hateful car away and never let me see or hear of it again, never!"

Sunday afternoon Paul and Phrona walked over to the Bent place, which seemed to be calling them in some vague way. Both felt as if they must get there again as soon as they could.

They traced the wavering tracks of the red car, noted the place where the bridge rail was splintered and where the car had turned into the Bent place, hit the tree and veered to land in the cellar. In the cellar they stooped to explore the holes made by the churning wheels.

"It's just where we thought somebody had been digging," said Paul.

"My sakes!" cried Phrona. "There's something partly uncovered." She stooped and poked earth and ashes away and picked up a battered silver cup. "That's a baby's cup. Why, maybe it was mine!"



Rose Fyleman, the editor of *The Merry-Go-Round*, and author of the winsome "Fairly Flute" and "The Rainbow Cat," now appears in "Eight Little Plays for Children" as the voice without, telling the eight little pocket-edition plays in her irresistible style. The little book of plays has for a "curtain" a lovely silver-colored jacket piped in blue type and you say "oh and ah" as soon as your fingers close over its glossy surface. The plays are short, very playable, and written with the light touch necessary for words to be spoken by childish actors. Darby and Joan is a whimsical little piece, a veritable marionette play, as is Father Christmas—intended for a toy playshop. The Fairy Riddle is a slight little piece, but prettily written, and one can easily see it played on the spur of the moment in the living-room or in the nursery. The Weather

Clerk sparkles with sheer wit and humor, there is lively action—and I know the children will love it! Noughts and Crosses, however, is my favorite in the collection. Just as children love to play "father and mother," so will they love to put crowns on their heads—and bow to each other in kingly and queenly fashion and say "my dear!"—as the manuscript calls for. This little play would be a most entertaining playlet for grown-ups too, I'm thinking. A king and queen caught playing "Noughts and Crosses" by the Lord Chamberlain, when they should be working over architectural plans for the new palace—and saved in the nick of time by the quick wit of the Queen, is a situation that is done to a delicious turn by Miss Fyleman. EIGHT LITTLE PLAYS FOR CHILDREN. Rose Fyleman. George H. Doran Co., New York. \$1.25 net.

Frantically she rubbed the dirt from the treasure.

"But Aunt Mandy said there wasn't any baby here," protested Paul.

"Anyhow, there was a baby's cup," insisted Phrona. "Who buried it, I wonder, and why?"

Phrona and Paul brought home the battered silver cup in triumph and exhibited it to Miss Serene, who was as much excited over it as they could wish. They had a good deal of fun speculating about it and Phrona insisted gayly that it was hers, and always been hers and might bring her folks to her. "It may be the magic token I've needed all along," laughed Phrona.

"I thought you had something else," said Paul. "You told me once your folks would know you for sure, if they met you."

"So they would," replied Phrona gravely, with a glance at Miss Serene. Then she gave a little cry, for Miss Serene was evidently in great pain. Paul's mother was called and she came hurrying over and put the old lady to bed, where she was forced to stay, almost helpless, for several weeks.

Phrona was too busy and too worried to go hunt for her folks during that period. She was nurse and housekeeper, and tried to do her lessons at home. Selah installed himself as assistant nurse and scarcely left his mistress.

Paul generously gave his Saturdays to canvassing, and, with Miss Serene's advice, he managed to get renewals and secure several new subscriptions. He told Phrona one night that he would have had a bad time with the cross dog at Peters', only the dog rushed at him as soon as he opened the gate and gentle old Cæsar launched a terrific kick that sent the beast sprawling some distance down the road and knocked the "fight clean out o' 'Bijah."

Paul seemed during these days to have some problem of his own on hand. He would stand and look at the silver cup, which Phrona had cleaned and put on the dining-room mantel, and tie his forehead into knots and mutter, "I wish I knew how to find out about you."

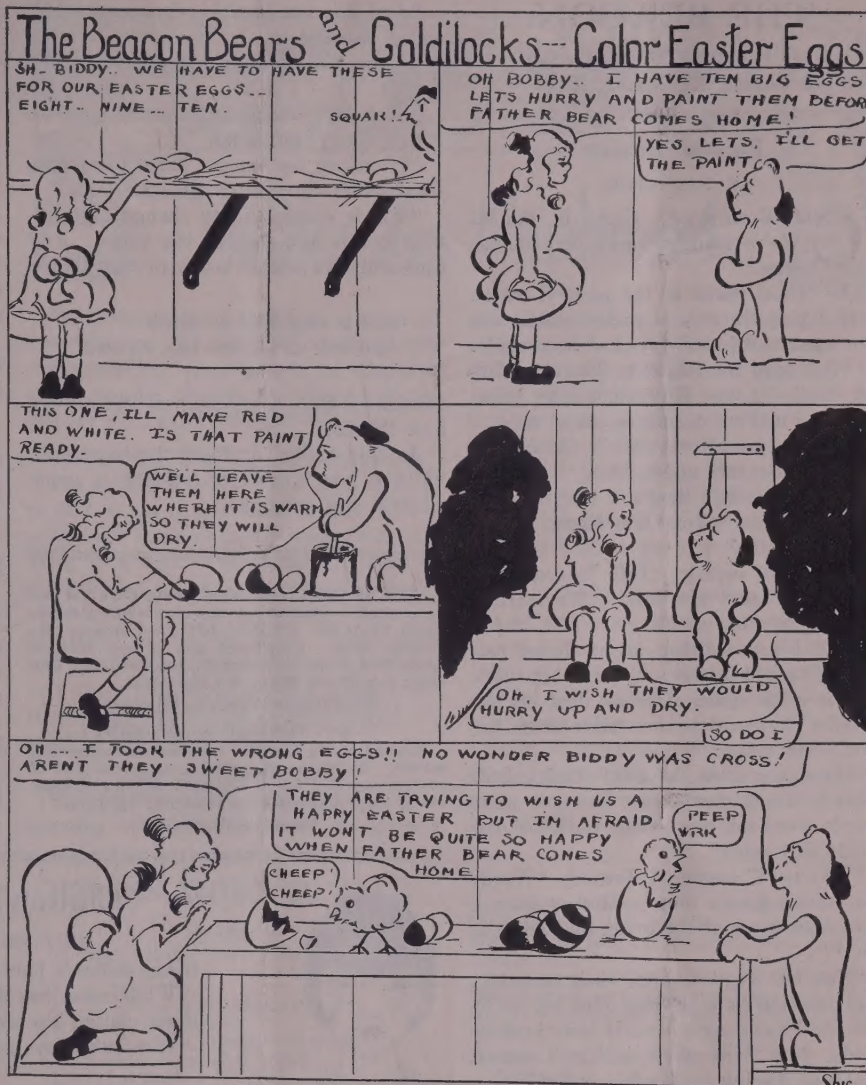
One day he chuckled softly and, whirling about, left the house without a word to Phrona or Miss Serene. A moment later, whistling merrily, his bicycle carried him out of sight. Phrona did not see him again until some time after supper. Then he came in much excited.

"I've found out something about those Renfrews," he said. "I guess you do belong to them somehow, Phrona. I don't know anything yet, but—" He stopped to choose words to suit him.

"What do you know?" demanded Phrona.

"How did you find out?" called Miss Serene from the bedroom.

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A Wonderful Easter

(Continued from page 167)

his hand as much as to say, "Nothing to be afraid of, you know!"

Then came mother—looking very pale, but with that bright sparkle in her eyes, that Jacques had learned to look for, as the only way he could tell if she was happy or sad. Mario came with her and brought him a gorgeous, pink Easter egg in a basket.

"Happy Easter! Jacques," he said, with a big, generous smile.

"All ready, Jacques," said the doctor, as he lifted him half way up. "Steady, boy, steady," he whispered, as he felt the small body tremble. "Take your time."

"O mother, do you think I can do it? Do you think I can?"

"Try, little son," mother answered. "We'll help you!"

And then they lifted him from the bed; slowly they rested his feet upon the floor. "Steady!" they said again.

"Wait!" called Jacques; "don't let go yet, please, oh please!" And he lifted his eyes so that he could see the sun, that

seemed to smile at him once more, and say, "Try, Jacques, try!"

Then he closed his eyes, and whispered very quietly, "Dear Father in Heaven, help me! Help me to stand!"

All the others, too, with bowed heads, prayed within their hearts.

"All ready," cried Jacques, "you may let go, now!"

They took their hands from his arms so gently and so gradually that he hardly knew when it happened. For just a few seconds he stood alone, then with a little faint cry, "I did it! O mother, I did it!" he fell in a heap into the outstretched arms.

They put him on his bed, but not one of them could speak from the great joy that filled their hearts; none except little Mario, who clapped his hands and shouted, "He can stand up! He did it!"

"We'll have him walking soon, now," said the doctor.

From that moment, like the birds that sing with joy because the spring is here, did Jacques sing, and grow, and walk, and LIVE!

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Blessed Easter

BY THE EDITOR

"COME on, Dad! Come on, Mums! We're going to color our Easter eggs."

The chums raced to the pantry, where careful preparations to protect table and floor against dripped dyes had been made.

"Why eggs for Easter? There's a fine red one." It was Howard, asking questions and making comments all at once.

"Good to eat after a fast." George remembered the talk about Lent.

"I like to think they are a symbol of life," said Dad. "You know Easter stands for eternal life."

"Our carol says it: 'Life forever, forevermore,'" said Howard. "We learned that one just this year."

"But it's something about Jesus too, isn't it?" asked George. "Didn't they think he was alive again after he died on the cross? They said he was 'risen from the dead,' didn't they?"

"Have you ever thought," Dad asked, "that it is not always easy to know what people were thinking when we know the words they said?"

"Why not?" answered Howard. "Words are words, aren't they? Mother may I have some more of the green dye, and the blue?"

"Yes, but words change their meaning. 'Resurrection' is a thought that has to fit into the ideas people already have in their heads. Now think of the earth as it seemed to Jesus' disciples. Round, or flat?"

"Flat," said the boys.

"Yes," Dad went on; "and below it a 'nether' world, where spirits of the dead abode; above it the heavens, where was the throne of God. Now if you were one of the men of those times, where would you think Jesus was raised from, and where to?"

"From the underworld to the one above where God was, I guess," said Howard thoughtfully.

"Stephen saw the heavens opened and Jesus at the right hand of God," said Father. "That seems like it. And from that heaven above they felt sure Jesus would come again. So they were filled with hope and courage."

"Do we have to think what they did? We don't, do we?" asked George.

"No," Dad answered. "Easter says to us that the real Jesus could not die, but is alive forevermore, and that we shall live just as he does. When you sing 'Christ the Lord is risen' in that old carol by John of Damascus, what do you feel that it means?"

"That the spirit of Christ lives," said George.

"And is in our hearts and in the world," added Howard.

"There, the eggs are ready. Aren't they fine?"

"And isn't Easter a blessed, hopeful, happy time?" said Dad.

"I'll enjoy the service more tomorrow, for I know better what it means to me."

"Words change, ideas change, but human hearts are always the same. And Easter always teaches hearts to trust that—

'Life is ever lord of death

And love can never lose its own.'

Remember that, boys, and you will always love the day."

As Dad smiled at them the boys said, "Thank you," and ran off for a game while it was yet light.

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Finding Phrona's Folks

(Continued from page 169)

"Mr. Potts," replied Paul, proudly.

"Come into Aunt Serene's room. Now tell us," ordered Phrona.

"I thought local papers tell about local folks and lots of people who used to live 'round here take *The Echo*. So I went to Mr. Potts and asked him if he had a Renfrew on his list of subscribers. I had to tell him why I wanted to know." The boy spoke rapidly, his blue eyes shining like stars behind his spectacles.

"What—why—that was a real inspiration, Paul. Nobody else ever thought of it," said Miss Serene.

"Tell the rest quick," urged Phrona.

"A Miss Noreen Renfrew has been on his list ten or a dozen years," went on Paul.

"Noreen!" interrupted Miss Serene, "that's the name I was trying to remember."

"The address is given general delivery, Yonkers, New York. The money is always a bill and the letter is always typed," went on Paul. "He's going to print a story about finding the eup and how much you want your folks, and about Miss Serene's being so sick and all."

"Maybe something will come of it," said Phrona hopefully.

(To be continued)

Chillun's Hair

BY ALICE HIRSH

Some chillun's hair is very straight,
While some has flyin' curls;
Some chillun has nice, twisty kinks,
Like baby boys and girls.

Some chillun's hair is very black;
And brown some chillun's share;
Some chillun's hair is yellow-gold,
While red some chillun wear.

Some chillun's hair is very long,
And some has hair quite short;
Strange we would look, if we did not
Have hair of any sort.



An Easter Party

(Continued from page 168)

barrow full of eggs. Didn't we, Dolly?"

"Yes, and there was another bunny dragging a great, big red egg behind him," cried Dolly.

"That, I suppose was the hare's triumphal chariot," smiled mother. "Now that we have talked about Mr. Hare, girls, how does he taste; nice and cool?"

"Umm, lovely," declared Nancy and Dolly in the same breath.

"Don't you know any more stories about Easter eggs, mother?" asked Nancy, popping a candy one into her mouth.

"There are many pretty games with them. One is to roll them against each other, and the owner of the one that is not cracked is the victor and claims the other egg."

"What if both are cracked?" asked Dolly, much excited.

"Then no one wins. This game is played also by rolling the eggs down a slope to see which will reach the bottom without being cracked."

"As the children roll them in Washington, on the White House grounds on Easter Monday?" asked Nancy.

"Yes. I suppose Grace and Lois and all the rest are rolling eggs this afternoon in somewhat the same manner."

"Well," sighed Nancy, "if Dolly and I couldn't go to the egg rolling we've had a lovely Easter party."

"Nancy and Dolly," said mother, "I'm going to tell you a secret. Bob took the money he had saved for a new baseball that you might have this party."

"We've painted two Easter eggs for him," cried Dolly, "and we'll give him two big kisses."

"We'll give him the Easter eggs tomorrow, and the kisses when the mumps are gone," said Nancy.

"We've only just a little speck of mumps left; mother said so," put in Dolly.

"But we can tell him this very night how much we love him, and thank him for the good time he gave us," declared Nancy.

"That will give him a happy Easter," said mother.

Goldilocks' Diary

APRIL 12, 1925,
THE BEARS' DEN.

Dear Diary:

Easter! and the birds singing sunrise carols of joy woke me up early this morning. I hurried out into our garden to see if our daffodils had come up in honor of the day, and, sure enough, I counted six golden blossoms that had just jumped open overnight!

Then, down from the high closet shelf, came my precious Easter bonnet, and Mother Bear and Father Bear, both looking so handsome, and Bobby in a new Buster Brown suit, and I—all set out for church.

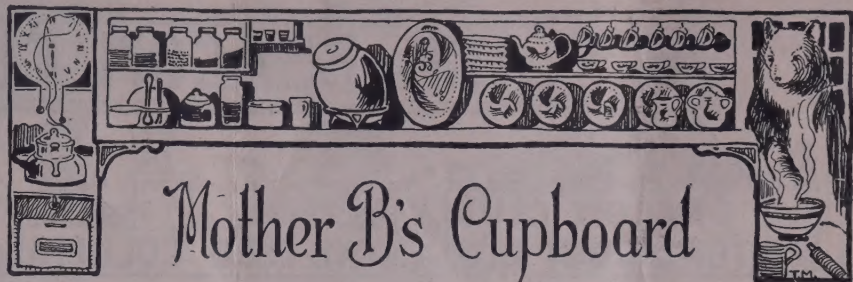
Easter lilies nodding and smiling everywhere, and everyone looking like a spring flower garden turned into pretty ladies and little girls and handsome men, and happy Easter greetings everywhere, all made it a beautiful morning!

This afternoon all Story Book Town went calling on each other, and I wish you all could have been there to see Mother Goose in her new silver-peaked hat, and The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe out for a walk with her spick-and-span brood of children! Lastly, we all rolled colored Easter eggs down the King's velvety green terraces, and afterwards, oh, what goodies we had at the "party" part of the tea-party!

Easter day is always a lovely day to look forward to, and back to—isn't it?

So says

GOLDI!



At Easter time we think of eggs in all sorts of ways. So today Mother Bear tells you something about preparing them for all the family. Follow the rules eggsactly, and see what good luck you will have.

BOILED EGGS FOR EASTER BREAKFAST

The very best way to boil eggs medium or soft is not to boil them at all! Fill a good-sized basin or kettle with water and bring to a boil. Then place the eggs in carefully so as not to crack the shells, cover tightly and at once remove from the gas flame or the hot stove. Leave them in 5 minutes, remove and dash cold water over them and serve at once. The white is perfectly cooked to a jelly, easily digestible, and the yolk is soft.

COLORED EASTER EGGS

The children prefer their eggs on Easter morning colored and cold. That gives a

chance to get them ready on Saturday, and to hide them in various places, for the children to hunt on Easter morning.

The eggs should be boiled briskly for half an hour, as then the white is tender from long cooking and the yolk mealy. Drain and partly cool. They may then be rolled in the different colored dyes which can be purchased in packets of powder and dissolved in warm water.

EGGS FOR THE SICK

Add pinch of salt to the white of an egg and whip it to a stiff froth. Drop the yolk into the center of this beaten white and set cup, covered, into a dish containing water that has just been boiling, enough to reach nearly to the top of the cup. In two minutes—three at most—remove cup and whip the yolk thoroughly into the white. Serve at once.

CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

1. The morning star. Also the Prince of Darkness.
7. A girl's name.
8. To arrange for publication.
10. All correct (abbr.).
11. The use of a word in two senses.
13. An island possession (abbr.).
14. Pp. of lead.
16. Womanly (abbr.).
17. Preposition.
18. The home of a leper colony (abbr.).
19. Used in baseball.
22. Conjunction.
24. Conjunction.
25. Prefix meaning not.
27. Prefix meaning again.
28. A part of the face.
30. A variously colored stone.
32. Unaffected.

VERTICAL

1. A body of water.
2. An O. T. country associated with Abraham.
3. A covering for the head.
4. A marsh.
5. A man's name (abbr.).
6. Fully developed.
7. A biblical king.
8. A prefix meaning in.
9. Musical instrument used by the Hebrews.
12. Preposition.
15. A small mark.
16. European native (abbr.).
20. A metal.
21. Behold.
23. Consisting of spoken words.
25. Used by fishermen.
26. Conjunction.
29. An adjoining continent (abbr.).
30. Conjunction.
31. A Middle Atlantic state (abbr.).

GAMES

A simple game with pencil and paper for a group of children to play together is suggested by a Beacon Club member, Charlotte Ames, of Peterboro, N. H.

Set down all the letters from a to z, numbering them in order, a—1, b—2, c—3, and so on. Make up lists of objects to be found, of which this is a sample:

TREES

My first is 13, 1, 16, 12, 5.

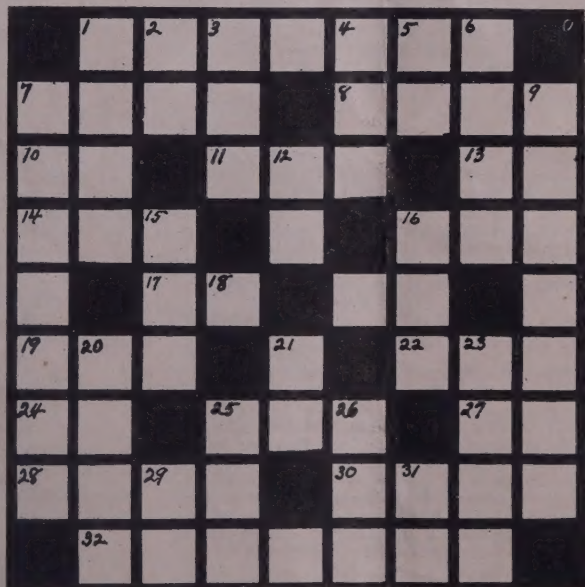
My second is 15, 1, 11.

My third is 16, 9, 14, 5.

My fourth is 5, 22, 5, 18, 7, 18, 5, 5, 14.

My fifth is 19, 16, 18, 21, 3, 5.

It is good fun to make up lists as well as to work them out. Try it.





Dear Beaconers:

You all ask some member of our Club to write to you. Why not write yourself to some one whose letter you like? Give a "Hello" to a new member. Ask about his school or class. Talk about our paper and what you like best in it. Tell what games you play, what books you read, the interesting things that happen to you. Then, after you have mailed your letter, watch the postman for your answer!

YE BEACON CLUB EDITOR.

4 WINTHROP STREET,
WEST NEWTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I am twelve years of age and would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. My father is the minister of the First Church in Newton. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Mrs. Rogers. We are taking the life and ways of Christ for our lessons. I enjoy *The Beacon* very much, and read it from cover to cover. I would like to have some letters from any of the other Club members.

Very sincerely,
ELIZABETH PHALEN.

69A WALNUT STREET,
SOMERVILLE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I would like to belong to the Beacon Club and receive a button. I am fourteen years old and a Senior in Somerville Junior High School. I go to the First Unitarian Church where Mr. Mark is our minister and my Sunday-school teacher is Mr. Mark also. I receive *The Beacon* every Sunday and think the idea of the cross-word puzzles is very good. I would like some boys of my age to write me. Hoping that my request will be granted, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
ARTHUR R. WYSE.

2424 EAST 68TH STREET,
KANSAS CITY, MO.

Dear Miss Buck:—I am a member of All Souls' Unitarian Church. My teacher's name is Mrs. Baird and our minister's name is Mr. Birkhead. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and like it. I would like very much to be a member of the Club and have a pin.

With love,
ANNA M. WORM.

5 CUSHMAN STREET,
PLYMOUTH, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I should like very much to enjoy the Beacon Club button. My sister belongs to the Club and wears her button often. I am eleven years old and am in the sixth grade. My Sunday-school teacher is Miss Reed. She is a very nice teacher. Our minister is Rev. Alfred Hussey. My mother is a member of the Unitarian Church.

Yours truly,
MARGARET MELLOR.

HANSKA, MINN.

Dear Miss Buck:—I go to Sunday school every Sunday and get *The Beacon*. As I always work the puzzles and read the interesting letters, I have always wanted to be a member. Besides liking to write to you, I am glad to know that just a little letter will make me a member of this great club. I am ten years old and am in the third grade. My teacher's name is Miss Bowen and my Sunday-school teacher is Mrs. Ouren. The name of our well-liked minister is Dr. Norman. I would like to get letters from other unknown Unitarian friends.

Love,
IDA HAUGEN.

Dear Cubs:—Spring has set your fancy flying, and brought to Ye Editor's desk the many stories and verses you have written. Some of them are as bright and full of life as if they had just hatched out of Easter eggs. And just because it is happy Easter we are giving twice as many awards as usual.

Our awards for stories go to Richard Price, 11, of Northampton, Mass., for "Two of My Bird Visitors," and to Belle Miller, 9, of Charlestown, N. H., for "The Boy Who Learned to Help." For verse, to Jane Leigh Morse, 11, for "Buttercups," and to Doris Lecky, 13, of New York City, for "The Robin."

Two of My Bird Visitors

BY RICHARD PRICE

Two of my bird visitors were two downy woodpeckers. I had hung a large chunk of suet in a pear tree near my dining-room window. The next day, after dinner, I looked out of the window and saw a bird of some kind fly down to the suet. This bird had a red spot on the back of his head. He was very pretty to look at, and piped as he looked at the suet. I called my mother to the window and showed her the bird. She said it was a male downy woodpecker. After eating some suet he flew away. That night after school I sat down by the same window. After a while another bird came. I told my mother and she looked at it and said, "Why that's a female downy woodpecker." We watched it. It traveled up and down the old pear tree. When it came down it came in the funniest way. Why, it backed down! Its little tail seemed to propel it. It finally hopped down on the suet and ate a little bit of it. After a while she flew away. The female downy woodpecker is not so pretty, in my opinion, as the male, but just the same I was very glad to have the little bird eat the suet.

Buttercups

BY JANE LEIGH MORSE

Tell me, little buttercup,
Is it really true
That fairies in the night time
Come and dance with you?

And when you finish dancing
Do you all sit down to dine,
And give them from your golden cups
Beautiful golden wine?

The Robin

BY DORIS LECKY

"Good morning, good morning,"
The Robin did say;
"I've come from the South
To greet you today,
And tell you so sweetly
That springtime is here;
Good morning, good morning,
I bring you good cheer."

"Good morning, good morning,"
Said Robin one day;
"I've come from my nest
To tell you it's May;
And say, I've a mate
Up in that tree,
Good morning, good morning,
So happy is she.

"Good morning, good morning,
So happy is she,
For she has four eggs
As blue as can be;
And soon they'll be hatched
And four birdies they'll be,
Good morning, good morning,
So happy are we."

Here's pi for you, and cross words, too,
Anagram and enigma—see what you can do.

ANAGRAM

(Each blank is to be filled with a word of five letters, with the same letters in each word.)

There are those who love so much that they become and a moral in society.

PI

(And didn't the types get mixed, though!)

Ti si rvey neci ot inkht
Hte orldw si ulfl fo mtae nad drkin
Wthi tlitel ldirnche ysanig egarc
Ni revey hscrtiatni iknd fo aplice.

ROBERT THOMPSON.

ENIGMA

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 4, 5 is Latin for and.

My 1, 2, 20, 19 is a kind of soil.

My 6, 19, 16, 11 is a foreboding.

My 21, 14, 19, 10, 11 is the name Ulysses told Polyphemus he was.

My 17, 18, 20, 12 is an amphibian.

My 15, 8, 13, 7, 10 is a river in Russia.

My 9, 18, 3, 4 is the bird of Peace.

My whole states two great principles of religion.

GODFREY S. TOMKINS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 27

1. SLEIGHT OF HAND—Bandana, banana.

2. ENIGMA—Abigail Adams.

3. WORD SQUARE—REAL.

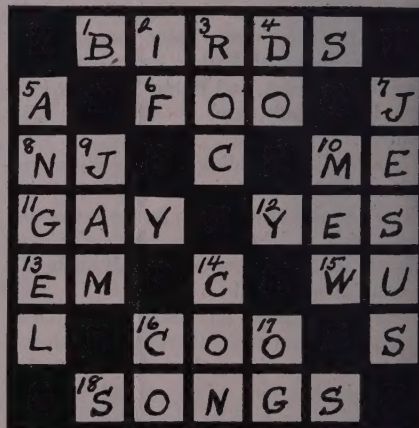
EASE.

ASKS.

LESS.

4. TWISTED GIRLS' NAMES—1. Eleanor. 2. Geraldine. 3. Catharine. 4. Dorothea. 5. Madeline. 6. Mildred. 7. Eugenia. 8. Virginia. 9. Marguerite. 10. Shirley.

Answer to Junior Cross Word Puzzle



The Boy Who Learned to Help

BY BELLE MILLER

Once upon a time there was a boy. He was not very good but one day in winter he was going down street for his mother and he met an old lady. She said, "Oh, will you help me along?" He felt sorry for her, so he said, "Oh, yes, I will." And so he helped her to her house. When they got there she gave him a half dollar. After he got the things his mother asked him to get he skipped all the way home. And he liked to help people after that.